


PARTHENOPHE.
ELEGIES. 417



To thee, dread CUPID I and thy mother
Queen ! " If it, at any time, hath lawful
been Men mortal to speak with a deity ;
O you great guiders of young
Springing Age ;
Whose power immortal ever was, I
ween,
As mighty as your spacious
monarchy ! O spare me ! spare my
tedious pilgrimage !
Take hence the least brand of your extreme
fires! Do not, 'gainst those which yield,
fierce battle wage '
I know by this, you will allay your
rage !
That you give life unto my long
desires :
Which still persuades me, you will pity
take. Life is far more than my vexed
soul desires.
O take my life ! and, after death,
torment me!
Then, though in absence of my chief
delight,
I shall lament alone ! My soul
requires
And longs to visit the Elizian fields !
Then, that I loved, it never shall repent me !
There (till those days of Jubilee shall come),
Would I walk pensive, pleased, alone, and
dumb!
Grant this petition, sweet love's Queen I
(which wields The heart of forelorn lovers
evermore !)
Or else Zanclean CHARBID' me devour !
And through his waters, sent to Stygian
power!
Or patient, let me burn in Etna's flame!
Or fling myself, in fury, from the
shore, Into the deep waves of the
Leucadian god !

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